THE MAN HIGHER UP

BY HENRY RUSSELL MILLER

"Be th' poker, it's a fine scrimmage we'll be havin'. If anny wan can lick Haggin ye're th' bye, Bob."

"That ye are," assented the others, awakened from their wonderment.

"All right. Be here tomorrow night and I'll tell you what to do. And bring the other boys along—as many as you can get. Come along, Jim." And, meekly followed by the squire, who had not yet recovered from his astonishment, Bob left the saloon.

Haggin had been a prizefighter and a successful one. History records how he fought a twenty round draw—bare fists—with Donnelly, the heavyweight champion of the world. At the zenith of his career he abandoned the ring and invested his last purse in an Irishtown saloon. And Irishtown counted it an honor to buy its drinks from the only man that had ever given Donnelly a hard fight. So that Haggin waxed prosperous and sported many diamonds. It was a natural result of his popularity and business that he should go into politics. He developed a certain crude genius for the game. He was good natured—when not opposed. He knew how to be generous, when to be generous was a good policy. And he learned to organize his henchmen. But beneath all were his fame and skill as a fighter. Consequently he became the undisputed autocrat of things political in the Fourth ward.

Now the average American, especially the Irish-American, loves fair play and has a sneaking admiration for the under dog. Bob already had a certain personal following, which nucleus he began systematically to augment.

"This young McAdoo of the Fourth is a corker," said the great MacPherson. "Of course, Haggin 'll beat him; the old grafter has too strong a grip on his ward to lose this time. But the youngster will bear watching in the future."

"Say, now, this is a fight!" Haggin exclaimed when reports began to come in to him.

But the fight came to a most unexpected ending.

The second night before the primaries Irishtown was in a frenzy of excitement. The saloons were crowded, the streets alive with eager, expectant men and boys. A reporter of one of the morning papers entered Maloney's saloon and accosted Bob.

"I hear," the reporter remarked with what was meant as an ingratiating smile, "that you intend visiting Haggin's saloon."

"An ass," Bob answered dryly, amid the guffaws of his followers, "havin' long ears, can hear a lot that ain't his business."

The reporter flushed angrily. "I told the same thing to Haggin," he said spitefully, "and he said if you entered his saloon he'd kick you out. 'Knock the stiff's block off' were his exact words, I believe."

The crowd stood aghast. It was a challenge.

"Is that so?" Leisurely Bob emptied his bottle of beer and then without a word left the saloon, followed at a respectful distance by friends, torn between delight and fear.

Haggin sat in the rear room of his saloon trying to maintain a conversation with some of his lieutenants, a difficult matter because of the tumult in the outer room. Suddenly the clamor ceased; blank silence enveloped the saloon. Haggin sprang to his feet and rushed to the door. There he stopped short, petrified by amazement at the sight before him, for there by the bar in the midst of an awestruck, dazed crowd towered Bob McAdoo.

Bob calmly struck a match and lighted his cigar. "Line up, boys!" he commanded.

Slowly, mechanically, as under a compulsion they could not resist, the men moved to the bar.

"What'll you have? This is on Jim Mehaffey, boys."

Not a man dared to name his drink.

"Humph!" Bob sneered. "Whisky for mine. The best in the house, barkeep," he ordered sharply. The bartender moved fearfully to obey.

Then Haggin came to himself. With a low growl he sprang in front of Bob, who nonchalantly looked him over.

"Not a drink d'ye get in this house, Bob McAdoo," Haggin raged. "Not a drink, d'ye hear? An' git out o' this saloon, quick—see!"

Bob's on answer was to take the bottle from the bartender's uncertain hand, pour himself a liberal portion and swallow it at a gulp. Then he seized a glass of water and tossed its contents full into Haggin's face.

The crowd breathed painfully.

Haggin dashed the water from his eyes and shook his great fist before Bob's face. "D'ye know what that means, Bob McAdoo?" he roared. "It means you got to fight."

"All right." Bob responded cheerfully. "That's what I'm here for."

Then began Bob's last fist fight, a battle which still lives unparalleled in Irishtown annals.

Man for man in point of size, weight and courage the two were equally matched. On Haggin's side there was the advantage of superior science and the cool generalship of the trained boxer. But Bob was the born fighter, and his muscles were hard and elastic as the steel whose forging had developed them, whereas his antagonist had been years out of training. Amid a tense silence, broken only by the shuffling of their feet, they faced each other and began the combat. Coolly, warily, savagely they fought, two splendid brutes, beasts of prey thirsting for each other's blood.

THERE WAS A SHORT, FIERCE INTERCHANGE.

Suddenly Haggin feinted, then brought his right crashing to Bob's temple. For an instant Bob was numbed and blinded with pain. Then all feeling of hurt left him. He saw as though a red film had been lowered before his eyes. His thin lips drew back cruelly, and he pressed forward to meet the onslaught of Haggin, who had thought to finish him with one more blow. There was a short, fierce interchange, then—no one knew just how it happened—it was all over. Haggin, the mighty, lay on the floor, helpless and groaning, his head rolling from side to side in the futile effort to raise himself.

"Bring some water," Bob ordered.

The bartender brought a bucketful, with which Bob carelessly deluged his prostrate antagonist. Then he turned to the bar.

"The boys 'll take another round of the same they ordered before," he said in dry sarcasm.

The spell was broken. The crowd of men who had in awed silence watched the combat, McAdoo followers and Haggin adherents alike, cheered the victor, each trying to shake his hand, a familiarity which he coldly denied them and for the refusal of which they strangely admired him the more. Haggin, staggering to his feet, looked on dumbly, uncomprehendingly.

"What—what's the matter?" he muttered thickly.

"Ye're licked, Tom Haggin! Bob McAdoo licked ye!" they yelled derisively.

"Ye didn't lick me. Ye never licked me, Bob McAdoo. My God!" His voice rose to a loud shriek, the agonized cry of a monarch who sees his kingdom forever departed from him.

"Yes, I did," Bob said sternly. "And if you want more of the same, come on."

But Haggin did not come on. He took one step toward Bob, then a new, unfamiliar sensation entered his heart—fear—fear of the big young man who stood before him.

"My God," he groaned hoarsely, "ye did lick me!" Then in a pitiful attempt to gather the tatters of his lost prestige around the nakedness of his defeat he yelled again: "But ye could never 'a' done it when I was in trainin'. Ye never could."

A derisive shout went up. "Ha," sneered one, an erstwhile supporter, "it's easy enough to say that now, when there's no chance o' provin' it."

With the bellow of a mad bull Haggin sprang toward the speaker, who fled the saloon. The ex-pugilist, grim and desperate, turned to the crowd.

"Come on, ye dogs! Bob McAdoo's licked me, but ye hain't. An' ye can't—none o' ye, all o' ye! If there's any thinks he can come on, as many as ye like, an' I'll show ye!"

"Right!" said Bob contemptuously. "I judge you can handle about a dozen, Haggin. If more'n that comes I'm with you."

But none came.

The next was the hardest and the greatest moment in Haggin's life. Under the bully was hidden a crude manhood. He turned to his conqueror and said slowly:

"Ye licked me, Bob McAdoo, fair an square. That goes. Ye're the only man as ever done it. There ain't another man in the city can do it. Shake!"

"Sure," said Bob heartily, grasping the outstretched hand.

"The drinks is on me," Haggin continued painfully, thus completing the public acknowledgment of his defeat as required by Irishtown etiquette.

While the drinks were being poured and consumed Bob took Haggin by the arm and led him into the rear room, whither many a longing glance was cast, but none dared follow.

"Haggin," he said gruffly, "you're a man. What's the use of you and me fightin'? I can lick you after tonight—that's right, ain't it?"

"That goes," Haggin assented.

"When I went into this political game," Bob continued, "it was to help the squire out. But I like it, and I'm in it to stay now—for myself. I've got you licked this time. I can go on lickin' you if I have to, but I don't want to have to. Now, what's the matter with me and you hangin' together in this deal. Between us we can hold this ward so no one can hurt us. What do you say?"

"Shake again," said Haggin huskily. "You're a man."

Thus Haggin was conquered and became Bob's faithful retainer. The squire was renominated and later reelected without opposition.

CHAPTER III.

THE ROAD TO POWER.

THE lure of politics had caught Bob. From the night of his fight with Haggin he began to take the game seriously, devoting much time and work to the perfection of his organization. A few months later the new field suddenly opened wider before him. An era of "reform" was impending.

Now, the Steel City was ruled by what was popularly and appropriately denominated the "hog combine," a group of gentlemen headed and herded by Steele and Harmon, voluntarily associated to relieve the public of the burden of government.

While Steele, a born political strategist and a man of magnetic personality, the heart and brains of the organization, lived the machine found smooth sailing. But the "combine" fell upon hard times. Steele died, and the leadership devolved upon Harmon. Harmon possessed none of the personal magnetism that had made Steele's critics love the man while they hated his misdeeds; also he lacked the sagacity and caution of the dead leader. So the machine was allowed to fall into excesses that Steele never would have permitted. The Tenderloin ran openly and flagrantly. A big boodling escapade in the halls of the city fathers came to light. Certain public contracts were let with such incautious unfairness that murmurs of discontent began to be heard. All this might have had no important results of itself. But to cap the climax Harmon, to satisfy a long cherished dislike, dismissed MacPherson from the directorate of public works.

MacPherson was a hatchet faced, saturnine votary of Mammon; also there was enough of the Indian in him to make revenge for all affronts a necessity. He accepted his dismissal with apparent equanimity and instituted a campaign to destroy his enemy. A sturdy little band of reformers that had fought long but fruitlessly to overthrow Steele's defenses suddenly and mysterously took a new lease on life. MacPherson bought a morning and an evening newspaper. Sensational exposures followed startling revelations with great effect. The city began to stir uneasily. One day MacPherson called a few men into his office.

"Gentlemen," said he, "let us reform the city."

And thereupon the "Citizens' party" was formed.

So it happened that one evening Bob received a call from Robbins, a MacPherson henchman who had the reputation of knowing how to deal with all sorts of men.

"McAdoo," Robbins greeted him, "without beating round the bush I'll tell you what I'm after. I come from Mac. We want you with us in our fight against Harmon and"—

"All right," Bob interrupted carelessly. "Tell MacPherson I'll talk to him any time he says."

"But I have authority"—

"I don't talk to middlemen," Bob said curtly. "Good night."

"All right," Robbins laughed. "You're the doctor."

The next evening Bob was by appointment shown into MacPherson's downtown office. Besides the prospective boss, there were in the office Robbins and Graham, the independents' candidate for mayor. Mr. Graham was an elderly gentleman with a pretty complexion, white mutton chop whiskers and shapely, beautifully manicured hands. He thought he was a reformer and a gentleman of the old school.

"How are you, McAdoo?" MacPherson greeted the newcomer with a cordiality cleverly toned down to fit the man he saluted. "Shake hands with Mr. Graham. You have met Robbins, I believe. Mr. Graham, this is the young leader of the Fourth whom we're hoping to have with us."

Bob maliciously caught Graham's ladylike hand in his own iron grasp and squeezed it until the little man's eyeballs rolled in agony.

"You have a strong grip, Mr. McAdoo, an abnormally strong grip, if I may say so, sir. But"—he recalled the effusively patronizing manner that he thought so highly politic—"I am glad to meet you, my dear sir, very glad indeed. I am glad to meet all those who are helping me in my fight. I may say it has been with no inconsiderable inconvenience that I have consented to lead in this great reform. But I have refused to permit personal considerations to stand in the way of manifest duty. I am for political purity, sir. In the past the methods of the tough wards, applied to gentlemen in politics, may have"— He stopped suddenly, warned by a sharply monitory cough from Robbins.

Bob grinned sardonically. "Oh, don't mind me. I'm tough, all right, but don't mind me."

Mr. Graham's blush might have been envied by a young girl. "My dear sir, I—er—apologize. Pray do not misunderstand. My remarks do not, of course, apply"—

"Don't mention it," Bob interrupted. "In tough wards men don't apologize. You're goin' to run this campaign yourself?"

"And why not?" Graham once more mounted his parlor hobby. "Should not the candidate always be the leader? Are we not working for a boss less era, in which the leader will be where he belongs—in the front rank under the folds of our standard?"

"Sure! Why not?" Bob rejoined. "Go ahead and try it. It'll be quite an experiment. I'll be interested in watchin' it—from the outside."

"Surely not from the other side?" Robbins suggested smilingly.

"From the winnin' side," Bob answered dryly.

"Well, of course," Mr. Graham stammered "of course—er—that is—ahem—I do not propose to—er—dictate tactics to my assistants. We may have to resort to disagreeable means to gain our great end. We must if necessary fight the devil with fire—that's it, fight the devil with fire."

"Humph!" Bob grunted.

"Well, gentlemen," Graham concluded briskly, "I must leave you. My wife and I are dining out, and I am already late. I am glad to have met you, Mr. McAdoo." He added this from a safe distance, his hands behind him. With a bow, nicely delivered, he left the room.

"What do you think of him, McAdoo?" Robbins queried.

"He's a curiosity. I'd like to take him in a glass case with a sign 'Hands Off' down to Tom's saloon and show him to the boys. Why'd you take him up?" he demanded of MacPherson.

That worthy looked sharply at Bob before responding. "He carries along the old reform crowd, and he'll contribute his money."

"I'd prefer to work for a man," Bob said contemptuously.

"Well, are you coming along or not?"

"What are you goin' to do?"

"In the first place," said MacPherson, "we're goin' to clean the city of this gang of infernal scoundrels"—

"Talk business. I'm not Graham," Bob interrupted impatiently.

"I know that," MacPherson answered sharply. "I'm not preaching reform. I mean, we're going to knock Harmon and his crowd out of control of the organization and the city and take them ourselves."

"Do you mean that?" Bob demanded keenly. "Or are you only goin' to fight them until they let you to the trough, and then you go back on them that helped you?"

MacPherson brought his clinched fist hard down on the desk. "So help me God, I mean it! I'm going to see that dog dead and buried politically if it takes every dollar I have in the world."

"That's all right, but can you do it?"

"We can," MacPherson said more quietly. "We've got the money, and we've gone over the ground carefully. Here, Robbins, you have the figures."

From memory and with a glib certainty that bespoke careful study of the situation, Robbins reeled off a list of putative majorities, to which Bob listened thoughtfully.

"You see," Robbins summed up eagerly, "this gives us all the upper wards, sure. We come to Irishtown with an easy 5,000 majority, and we'll about break even on all the Irishtown wards but the Fourth, Seventh, Thirteenth and Fourteenth. That brings us to you. If we get the Fourth by its usual majority we can't lose. If we don't get it we may win anyhow. That's what we want you for. Some of us advised going to Haggin, but I said, 'No, McAdoo's the man.' You'd better get your horn and climb on the band wagon. There's five thousand in it for you if you get us the Fourth. And five thousand more if you get the other three—besides expenses. That's fair, I think. Or, if you prefer, a lieutenancy on the force. The pickings to be for yourself. What do you say?"

"No office in mine," said Bob. "I'll think it over."

"I'd like to hear you say yes now."

"No, I'll think it over," Bob repeated coldly. "I don't know as I care to get in your wagon."

Perhaps MacPherson caught a hint of contempt in the slight accent on "your." "It won't pay you to stay out," he said in half threat.

Bob laughed insolently. "I'm not afraid of you. You see, you've showed me your hand. You can't do without me."

MacPherson with difficulty repressed an angry retort, and Bob left the office with a curt "Good night."

Before he descended to the street—MacPherson's office was on the top floor of an eight story building, the skyscraper of those days—he stopped to look out through the corridor window. It was one of the Steel City's rarely beautiful nights. A strong west wind had swept away the dome of smoke, and overhead a myriad of stars shone brilliantly, and below him and on the hills around him twinkled a myriad of other lights, the street lamps of the big city, lighting the night for a half million souls. And of the half million two men were struggling with each other for mastery over all the rest. The half million indifferently watched the game and permitted it to go on.

"You fools!"

Yet the thought came to him that, fools though the victims were, between the outestants it was a game worth playing. To hold the great city in the hollow of one's hand, to twist it and buffet it and mock it and use it, to make of it a huge automatic engine to lift one to a chosen eminence—yes, that was a game for a man, for a strong man!

* * * * * * *

Henry Sanger, Sr., steel king, had one passion—his business—and one love—an orphaned niece. He displayed less acumen in the training of the latter than in the management of the former. Two nights after Bob was invited to join the reformers, while he was working an extra shift, Sanger personally conducted a party through his mills, and the niece was of the party. The guest of honor was a famous engineer of the English army.

Sanger was dilating upon his passion.

"You are enthusiastic, sir," ventured the guest.

"And why not? We're the most important industry the world has ever known or ever will know. We're the right hand of modern progress. We take a carload of rock from the earth and convert it into steel, the framework of civilization. We are defying Nature, conquering her. Here is a tremendous force, the finest product of the human mind, doing in one day what 10,000 men couldn't do in a lifetime. Right here is the beginning of modern progress. Here we make civilization while you wait!"

"You have reason to be proud of your industry, Mr. Sanger," the Englishman assented.

"To put it in terms of your profession, major," Sanger pursued his topic eloquently, "I command in the army of construction, while you command in the army of destruction. And I have a notion that when our respective achievements are summed up we'll be given the palm."

(To be continued)

Notice of Appointment.

Estate of James Moberly deceased.

W. C. Moberly and Lydia Beltz have been appointed and qualified as administrators of the estate of James Moberly, late of Highland County, Ohio, deceased.

Dated this 11th day of March A. D. 1912.

T. M. WATTS,
Probate Judge of said County.

Notice of Appointment.

Estate of Ernest Carper deceased.

J. G. Bell has been appointed and qualified as administrator of the estate of Ernest Carper, late of Highland county, Ohio, deceased.

Dated this 17th day of February A. D. 1912.

T. M. WATTS,
Probate Judge of said county.

Notice of Appointment.

Estate of Roxey Long Clarke deceased

H. L. Hiatt has been appointed and qualified as administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Roxey Long Clarke, late of Highland County, Ohio, deceased.

Dated this 7th day of March A. D. 1912.

T. M. WATTS,
Probate Judge of said County.

Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.

In pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of Highland County, Ohio, I will offer for sale at public auction on Friday the 5th day of April, 1912, at 1 o'clock p. m., on the premises, the undivided one-half of the following described real estate, subject to the dower of H. J. Vance, surviving husband, therein towit: Lying, being and situate in Hamer township, Highland county, Ohio, about 1¼ miles south-east of Danville, on the turnpike leading from Danville to Straighout, and being a part of Kerr's Survey No. 7020 of 1000 acres:

Beginning at a hickory in the N line of the land of E. Redkey; thence with the north lines of the land of said E. Redkey, H. J. Vance and Henry Walker, S. 81 degrees E. 134 poles and 6 feet to a stone in the west line of the land of Wm. Wilkin; thence with Wilkin's line N. 9 degrees E. 112 poles to stone in the south line of the land of Hiram P. Smith; thence with lines of Smith's land N. 81 degrees, W 3 poles and 4 feet to a stone; thence S 9 degrees W. 5 poles, 3 feet to a stone; thence N 81 degrees W. 128 poles to a stone and Walnut tree; thence N. 9 degrees E. 5 poles to a stone; thence with the land lines of said Smith and W. N. Berry N. 81 degrees W 57 poles to a stone, corner to said Berry's land; thence with another of Berry's lines S. 9 degrees W. 60 poles to a stone corner to E. Redkey's land; thence S. 81 degrees E 49 poles to a stone and gate post; thence S. 9 degrees W. 56 poles, 4 feet to the beginning, containing one hundred and six (106) acres and forty (40) square perches of land.

The aforesaid real estate has been appraised at thirteen hundred dollars subject to the dower therein of H. J. Vance, widower, and cannot sell for less than two-thirds of said appraisement. Terms of sale—One-third cash in hand, one-third in one and one-third in two years from the day of sale, with interest. The deferred payments to be secured by mortgage on the premises sold.

H. J. VANCE,
Administrator of the estate of Rachel J. Vance, deceased. 3-8-5t.

Sheriff's Sale.

Alta McFadden and Minnie Keefor vs. John Duncanson et al, Highland County Court of Common Pleas. Case No. 8574.

ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE IN PARTITION.

In pursuance of an order issued from said Court of Common Pleas within and for the County of Highland and State of Ohio, made at the January term thereof A. D. 1912, and to me directed, I will offer for sale at Public Auction, at the door of the court house, in the village of Hillsboro, Ohio, on

April 13, 1912,

at 1 o'clock p. m. of said day the following described real estate, to-wit:

Situated in the county of Highland, state of Ohio, in the township of Clay, to-wit: On the waters of the little North fork of Whiteoak creek, a part of A. Buford's survey No. 3168; beginning at a stake in the original line of said survey, thence with said line N 82 deg. E 257 poles to the center of the little North fork of Whiteoak creek; thence down said creek with the meanders thereof S 12 deg. S 62 deg. W 10 poles S 27 deg. W. 22 poles; S 10 deg. W 9 poles S 37 deg. E 14 poles S 10 deg. W 4 poles to a stone planted on the West bank of said creek. Thence S 22 deg. W 234 poles to a white oak and maple, thence N 7 deg. W 48 1-2 poles to the beginning, containing seventy (70) acres more or less, being the premises transferred to the heirs of Alfred Duncanson, deceased, by Laurin C. Robinson by deed dated June 24th, A. D. 1873, and recorded in the deed records of Highland county, Ohio, volume 46 page 547.

Said premises has been appraised at Thirty three hundred and sixty ($3360) dollars and cannot sell for less than two-thirds of said appraisement.

Terms of Sale—Cash.

CAREY LONG,
Sheriff of Highland County, Ohio.
Clark Holladay, Attorney.